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Next week Puck will publish

THE ADVENTURES OF COLONEL LIEBIG.

A new story by ARTHUR LOT.

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THE SECOND EDITION

OF

PUCK'S ANNUAL FOR 1880

has just been published, and may be had of all dealers or at this office. We have to renew our apologies to many purchasers whose orders we have been unable to fulfill. The extraordinary advance sale exhausted one entire edition before we could possibly get a second edition off the press. We have now made arrangements, however, to supply any future demand for PUCK'S ANNUAL FOR 1880.

THE KING OF SPADES.

NO more dirty streets, no more reeking ash-barrels sowing the seeds of fever and plague among us; for Captain Williams is transferred to the Street Cleaning Bureau to flatten the hillocks of mud in lieu of skulls, which, we have not a shadow of doubt, he will do equally as effectually.

There ought to be congratulations all round. The Police Commissioners are to be congratulated on doing, once in their lives, a sensible thing. Captain Williams is to be congratulated on receiving an appointment suitable to his peculiar talents, and the public is to be congratulated on getting practically rid of a man who was so very much out of place as Captain of a precinct.

PUCK has certainly never spared Captain Williams; on his past misdeeds we have commented freely and vigorously, but we are inclined to let bygones be bygones, and give him all the encouragement in our power, provided he will be as efficient in his new field of labors as he was in his former one.

In fact we are almost inclined to look upon Captain Williams as an injured man—to some extent.

It was not his fault that he was so constituted by nature that he could not see a skull without feeling an irresistible desire to bring his club in contact therewith.

Rather were the Police Commissioners to

blame for keeping the wrong man in the wrong place for so long a time.

Captain Williams has now a good chance of retrieving his reputation, which is almost as much battered as some of the heads on which he has exercised his club.

We believe he is an efficient public servant, but was simply matter in the wrong place. He will make our city nice and sweet and worthy of the great country of which New York is the Metropolis, and Captain Williams will find that it is, after all, much better to be the King of Spades than the Knave of Clubs.

PUCK'S CHRISTMAS TREE.

CHRISTMAS has come again, and in accordance with the gay and festive season PUCK has a Christmas tree.

It is a good-sized tree—and it is garnished with the regulation candles and a number of pretty figures and other toys and things which, in PUCK's goodness of heart, he presents to his readers.

He has, in the first place, a nice little gift in the shape of a Mandarin in full celestial costume: There is a cigar in the mouth of the figure and in the hand a fan on which is the legend "third term."

There is an Indian puppet somewhat to the right of the Mandarin. It is trying to play on a pipe marked "Tammany." This will be a suitable Christmas gift for the Republican party in the State of New York when they are short of votes.

On the left lower branch of the tree is a little Buttercup doll. She has a flowing beard, and bears a strong resemblance to a prominent New York Senator, who is not altogether unconnected with Custom House patronage.

A pair of dancing puppets, male and female, next attract our attention. The male doll is in Highland costume and is apparently in the throes of a Highland fling. The female wears some sort of a coronet and a low-necked dress, and the pair are not unlike Dr. and Mrs. Lorne, the famous British residents of Canada.

There are many of these charming toys and figures we should like to particularize and describe at length; but PUCK does not wish to bore his readers; if he did he would have something to say about the Bennett-Herald hobby-horse, the Tilden jack-in-the-box, the Vanderbilt locomotive, the Peter Cooper cushion, and other articles too numerous to mention.

But here are the gifts for those who want them, ready for distribution by PUCK.

OH!



"What a horrid thing it seems, love, to kiss a dead person. Would you kiss me if I were dead?"

"Would I just!"

Puckings.

Is Hindoo's tan the same color as other people's?

We hope Philadelphia, Pa., feels better. We dare not express a hope for Grant.

Is it a feature of the Woman's Rights system that Miss Count shall have a share in election returns?

HAMLET was banished for his pleasantry with the Premier. For this offence, off hence! edicted his uncle.

"THE spring that turneth wood to stone." The king here referred to the faction that made a pet-ri-faction of Hamlet.

We have had our Christmas snow; and we trust the romantic young man with the muse and the influenza is satisfied.

REMEMBER, Hans, when Samson's hair is cut it mitigates his strength. Yah, dot voz before he gots off mit-de-gates ov dot Gaza.

THE terrors and tortures of Hamlet's sea-voyage were appalling. He had to purchase oxygen to live on. He wrote Horatio: "Air we were ten days sold at sea."

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year,

So let us all be merry.

We cannot alter it now it's here;

But it's very awkward—very.

THIS is a good time for charitable feelings; and we hereby forgive all our enemies. We hope they will stay forgiven; but we warn them that they will have to behave themselves mighty sharp.

WHEN the audience at the Park Theatre, on the night of the late fire, saw a policeman at the supposed place of danger, they naturally concluded that they were pretty safe, and went out quietly and in order. Thus nearly a hundred valuable lives were saved.

OH! hang up the stocking that's striped;
And hang up the stocking that's spotted;
And the one with embroidery dotted;
Hang up the stocking that a wipe 'd
Benefit. [Here the poet went out and did some hanging up on his own account.]

"EDWIN," she whispered, as she laid her rosy cheek on his shoulder, and a tender smile played about her dainty lips: "Edwin, will you always love me as you do now?"

"Arabella," was his answer, emitted with a strange, sad, deep sigh: "let us be happy to-day, not think of a to-morrow. Fate plays strange freaks with mortals; yet believe me, dearest, ever—ever—"

"What, ever?" she coyly murmured.

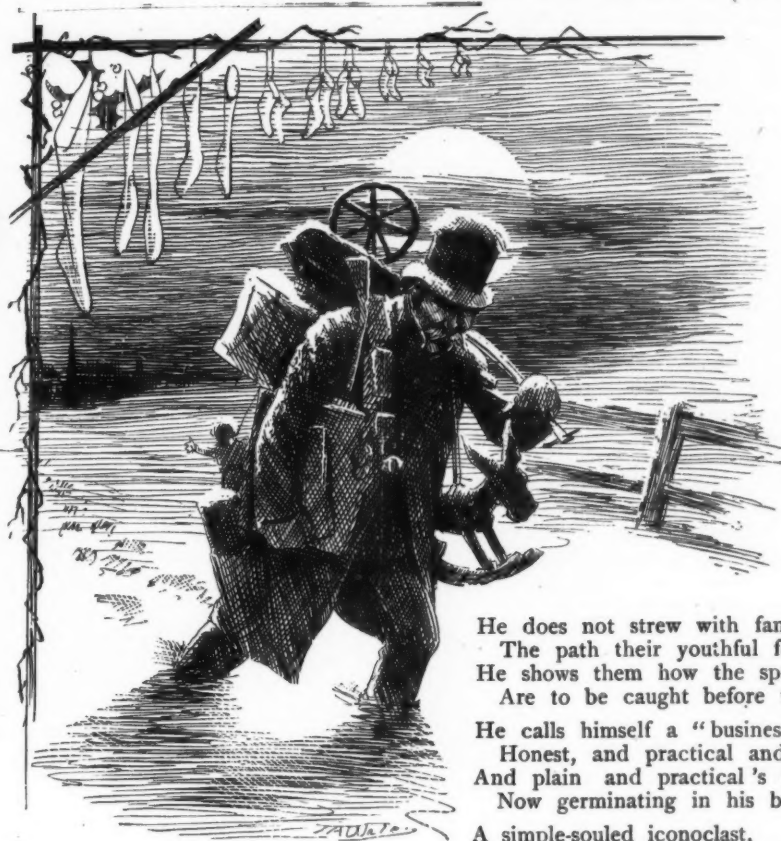
The continuation of this interesting story will NOT be found in PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1880; but a great many other very nice things will; and the reader is at liberty to see for himself.

NOTICE.

Number 26 of PUCK will be bought at this Office, No. 21 & 23 Warren St., at 25 CENTS per copy.

In sending copies by mail please roll lengthwise.

A DISILLUSIONED CHRISTMAS.



T is the Smith, who homeward
wends,
A weary way through deep snow
and drifts;
His sturdy backbone weary bends
Beneath his load of Christmas gifts.

The Smith he is a parent kind,
But somewhat of the Roman mould:
He likes to train the youthful mind
As if the youthful mind were old.

He does not strew with fancy's flowers
The path their youthful feet must tread;
He shows them how the speeding hours
Are to be caught before they're sped.

He calls himself a "business man,"
Honest, and practical and plain,
And plain and practical's the plan
Now germinating in his brain.

A simple-souled iconoclast,
His firm resolve is to suppress
That foolish fiction of the past,
Of Santa Claus's strange largesse.

"Why should I let a hollow myth
Steal from my small yet healthy brood
The credit that belongs to Smith
And Smith's own claim to gratitude?"

'Tis done! Old Santa Claus—Jack Frost—
All fairy fibs he calm destroys:—

Then sees his children weep the lost
Dear Dead Delusion o'er their toys.

THE GRANT BOOM.

LATELY has been added to our American political vocabulary the word "Boom," which sprang up nobody knows where, and means nobody knows exactly what.

The term may have arisen from the system of booming great rafts of logs on our rivers; or the term may refer to the boom which is spread out from the mast to extend the canvas to the favoring breeze. Our opinion is that it is the "boom" of the cannon which has given rise to this phrase.

Now there be booms and booms. The boys try cannon booms on the 4th of July; so does the militiaman's brass field-piece; so did Farragut's fleet as it steamed past the batteries to New Orleans. But there is a vast difference between these booms, and it seems to us that if our idea of what the Grant boom means is correct, the affair will end in disaster.

General Grant has received some notably enthusiastic receptions since his return to America, but those who have watched the inner wheels of the machinery will have noticed that he was received *not* as a Republican politician but as a distinguished citizen returned home. Democrats were invited to meet him; Confederate soldiers were requested to march before him; politicians of all grades were solicited to join in and swell the great welcome to the only

ex-President who had gone round the world. Wherefor Grant is being fêted across the continent.

The politics has been left out of this triumphal journey, and it has been very well done. The bunting, the music, the school-children, the popping of champagne corks, even the speeches have been creditable to the managers. But if politics had been let run into the affair, a much poorer show would have been the result, and that's what's the matter with the boom.

There is a man in a circus who gets rammed down into a wooden cannon and then is shot skyward into a netting. But sometimes the cannon goes off at the vent, while the attendants pull the man out ignominiously at the muzzle.

We are very much afraid that if these booming Grant managers—the Babcocks, Shepherds, Robesons, and all that crowd of tricksters and public plunderers—should load up the Grant Columbiad which is to fire him willy-nilly into the White House, that the charge of jobs, subsidies, trickery, legislation, would blow the breech into fragments about them, and leave Mr. Grant stuck in the nozzle of the muzzle, unable either to get in or out.

Instead of exhibiting himself to his fellow-countrymen in this ridiculous position, we advise him to go down and dig a ship canal through the Nicaraguan swamps.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CXIV.

CHRISTMAS AND PRESENTS.



Ya-as, I believe
the end of the ye-ah
and Chrivismas
have come wound
again. They al-
ways do about this
perwiod.

This Chrivismas is observed in a remarkably pronounced mannah he-ah, especially as is everwything Amerwican, being ovahdone in the mattah of pwesents, everwy individual being expected to make everwy othah individual of his acquaintance a pwesent.

This would be all verwy well if the gifts were made as fwee-will offerwings to those whom one wespects and esteems; but the wegulah pwactice seems to be to give indiswiminate, with a view to getting an equivalent, or even something bettah, in weturn.

Aw I do not wefer to the twifles which are usually given to childwen on this occasion—that is pwobably all corwect and pwopah—but to the aw intahchange of commodities among gwon-up people.

Miss Marguerwite politely wequested me the othah morning to accompany her on a shopping expedition. I said I would go, and in the course of our perwegwinations we visited a pwodigious numbah of shops and a varwiet of things were purchased—indeed aw, enough to stock a bazaar of immoderate dimensions.

Miss Marguerwite dwew fwom her pocket a list of names, with memorwanda against each patwonymic, and commenced operwations.

We first entahed a furwiah's establishment, and Miss Marguerwite bought something made of a seal-skin. I'm wathah inclined to think it was a sort of ovahcoat faw winter, or perwhaps a sacque.

I haven't the wemotest ide-ah of the pwice of these things, but suppose the arwangement couldn't have cost less than thrwee or four dollahs, which in Bwitish money would amount to fifteen or sixteen shillings.

Then she bought a Marwabout feathah, which, I venture to say, must have cost a ten-pound note in Amerwican curwency.

I made a mental memorwandum of some of her othah purchases, with the pwobable cost, and it is something like the following aw;

One child's cwadle.....	£	s	d
A diamond bwooch.....	5	0	0
Severwal books.....	150	0	0
A bwacelet of some description of metal...	2	10	0
A gweat assortment of articles of fancy dwapery.....	200	0	0
Extwaoordinarwy Bwackets and odd decor- wations faw a numbah of fwriends' wooms.	1	0	0
An embwoidered handkerchief.....	3	6	

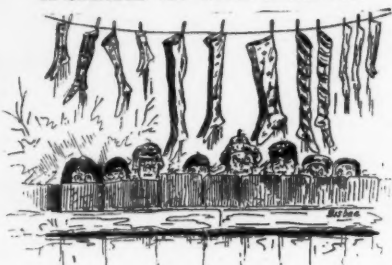
It is too much twouble to weckon up the differwent items, but they must in the aggwegate amount to severwal hundwed pounds.

Now I weally think this expenditure widiculously extwawagant. We are not so absurd at home, yer know, at Chrivismas. We give Chrivismas-boxes to childwen and servants, but what the d-d-dickens does a man want with such things wegularly everwy ye-ah?

I look upon the custom as a wemnant of that aw barbarwic pomp which the pwogwess of civilization has not yet succeeded in erwadicating fwom the Amerwican mind aw.

P. S. Miss Marguerwite has pwesented me with an embwoidered cigarwette-case, which she made for me herself. Wemarkably kyind! Perwhaps there is, aftah all, something in this Chrivismas gift business aw.

A SHARE IN THE SEASON.



WAITING FOR THEIR CHRISTMAS.

O CYNTHIANA!

A WISE MAN hath said that a Western town is not what it is, but what the resident local agent of the Associated Press may make it.

He must have had foremost in his mind the case of Cynthiana, Ky., when he made this assertion, for it answers this description well.

With the reader's permission, I will say a few words about Cynthiana.

Cynthiana is a small town on the branches of the Kentucky River, thirty-eight miles from the bonny border line, and comprising about 2,500 inhabitants. It is in Harrison county, which has the proud distinction of containing more deliberate and professional liars than any county of similar area in the Moonshiners' community. Judged historically, it doesn't amount to much—in fact, the only episodes in its existence which will be remembered are calculated to make even a South Carolina negro blush. In 1779, a number of Virginia settlers, having reached (after a weary trudge across the mountains) the present site of Cynthiana, openly and resolutely cast themselves into the adjacent river, rather than live in such a place. In 1861 the inhabitants of Cynthiana, being exhorted by rival orators to don their armor and fight on either side, unanimously voted to stay at home, and would contribute only sutlers to the national conflict.

You will conclude from this that the future patriot historian will be discreetly silent about Cynthiana.

But though the town does not amount to much in itself, it is fortunate in being the abode of a most persistent, adroit, and ingenious news-gatherer, and through his exertions the sluggish hamlet has recently become famous.

You cannot take up a newspaper but that you read something about Cynthiana, Ky. If a cold wave sweeps across the country, the thermometer falls lowest in Cynthiana. If a hot wave scorches the land for a few days, you will find on inquiry that the mortality from sunstroke was greatest in Cynthiana. If all the illicit whiskey stills in the State are seized, there is sure to be one in Cynthiana which escapes the vigilance of the authorities. If a political murder occurs in Yazoo, you are sure to read the next day of a massacre in Cynthiana attended with carnage and wholesale robbery. If a bank fails in Chicago or Cincinnati for four hundred thousand dollars, Cynthiana will, within a week, have a collapse of a million. It would seem, indeed, as if the entire available population (949 adult souls) had entered into a conspiracy to aid and abet the press agent aforesaid in making the town notorious.

The place is not, in all respects, a bad one. Without the outlay of a dollar in money, or the expenditure of a drop of blood, Cynthiana has, within a few short months, attained a common fame for being the richest, the most enterprising, the most patriotic, and the most popular bourg in the whole State of Kentucky.

It would be useless to attempt to trace the causes which have made this thing possible.

But I think it will be found in the indomitable spirit of the people. One illustration will suffice. During Sherman's March to the Sea, a Missouri regiment performed great deeds of heroism. Somehow or other a Cynthiana man got smuggled into the detachment. He was accustomed to telegraph North almost daily: "The Cynthiana legion" (he must have been a legion in himself) "is fighting nobly." One day it happened that the regiment was called into a general action. Before the battle began the Cynthiana man was very prominent. He flitted before the Union soldiers and demanded to be taken into the thickest of the fray. But when the firing began he disappeared entirely. Then came a terrible alternative—the battle had to be fought without him.

When it was over, search was made for the Cynthiana man, and he was found in the rear writing a dispatch to a newspaper.

"Take no interest in this war," he said, sadly.

"No interest? Why not?"

"My heart," said the Cynthiana man, signing a fictitious name to his dispatch, "*my heart is in Kentucky!*"

But even a Kentucky chronicler may overreach himself. For when last summer a dispatch was sent from Cincinnati that the thermometer was at 30° in the month of August, the Cynthiana man, not to be surpassed, telegraphed: "There has been a fall of three inches of snow here, and two canal mules have been frozen to death."

The Cynthiana newsman has a would-be rival in the pretty town of Milford, Pa., and another in the alleged Clinton, Ia., but as the latter absolutely refrains from dating his dispatches any nearer than Keokuk, and the Milford man telegraphs bear stories and reminiscences of 1848, the supremacy and superiority of the Cynthiana cannot be denied.

If towns devoid of all natural advantages *must* be famous, the method of Cynthiana may be safely, and perhaps profitably, followed. But it is no more than honest to say that to be done well it requires liars such as Kentucky alone produces, and I say this in no spirit of disparagement of the commonwealth which provides the strongest whiskey, the fastest horses, the prettiest women, the biggest lotteries, the most acrid tobacco, the deepest caves, the densest thickets, the bluest grass, and the fewest soldiers of any sovereign State or Territory on the western continent.

ERNEST HARVIER.

HOLIDAY FASHIONS, 1879.



PUCK'S CHRISTMAS HAT.

SAVED BY CHEEK.



FORTUNE FAVORS THE BRAVE.

SHAKSPERE STUDIES.

HAMLET—ACT IV.

THE Queen makes the brutal charge against Hamlet that he was about "to draw apart the body he hath kill'd"—[Sc. 1.

GUILDENSTERN had just been told of his necessitated departure, when Claudius mentions that "whisper o'er the world's diameter." This was a mistake, the King really meaning: "Sir—come for hence you must go." Probably to join in that "further raid."—[Sc. 1.

THE courtiers spoke disrespectfully of, if not to, the King. When he sent them in search of Polonius's body, they wished to "take it thence and bear it to the chap."—[Sc. 2.

It is so utterly ridiculous to suppose that Hamlet, in his remarks on the corpse of Polonius, had reference to the Diet of Worms, that the latter body need not be dragged into the passage.—[Sc. 3.

"BARKIS ready."—"Barkis is willin'." Is here not proof enough of the plagiarism of Dickens? Both expressions, however, are from the heart.—[Sc. 3.

THE Prince was a gourmand. To entice him into the vessel, the officers were advised to "tempt him with speedy board."—[Sc. 3.

So averse was the young Dane to the proposed visit that he was "bound" for England.—[Sc. 3.

AN expedition to the Pole was undertaken by parties who would neither reckon the expense. Norway the danger of the enterprise.—[Sc. 4.

FUTURE-MONGERS were prevalent to an extent that incited remark at occasional paucity. Wonderment is expressed regarding "a little patch of ground that hath in it no prophet!"—[Sc. 4.

OF Ophelia, who went into the street singing (with a tin cup), it was said: "Her use of it doth move the hearers to collection."—[Sc. 5.

ONE of Ophelia's lyrics so interested her royal mistress that she inquires: "Who imports this song?"—[Sc. 5.

THE deranged maiden was the authoress and original singer of "Good night, ladies."—[Sc. 5.

WHEN the courtiers, from sympathy with the afflicted damsel, offered her relief, she returned each of them a leaf.—[Sc. 5.

LAERTES was a gentleman of polish. "They say you shine," his royal patron remarked. Perhaps he used some Dane Martin's blacking?—[Sc. 7.

JOHN ALBRO.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

A CHRISTMAS TALE.

WE all sat around the glowing white-clay stove in the office of the grand International Hotel at Burt's Cut, eleven miles south of Deadwood, on the old stage line. Most of us had our feet on the stove, which, like all of its kind, was provided with an equatorial belt of cast-iron apparently designed for that purpose. A great deal of the Grand International Hotel's whiskey was going where much better whiskey had been before it. The general tone of the occasion was convivial; and the atmosphere might have been cut with a comparatively dull knife. Through the pearly haze of the very low-grade of tobacco-smoke gleamed luridly the red flannel of the bartender's sleeves, restlessly moving to and fro in rhythmic accord with the fluctuations of trade. It was a scene for a poet—a poet with a strong stomach and an Olympian superiority to subtle distinctions in the quality of his liquors.

We were all telling stories. This is the regular traditional business for Christmas; but our stories were not by any means exclusively Christmas stories. They had a wide range of style and color, and were more or less autobiographical. The turn had nearly gone round the circle, and fourteen stories had been told, to the accompaniment of fourteen times sixteen libations; and now there remained but two more narrators to contribute imaginative history and realistic alcohol.

I may mention, by the way, that these two last had rather the best of it. Eight men out of the total sixteen were already wandering in an alcoholic dreamland; and though these slumberous defections reduced the auditory number of the conversationalists, they also reduced the bar-bill in identical proportion.

The fifteenth man to take up the word of discourse was rather an aristocratic variety of Deadwood pilgrim. He wore a cravat, and his boots showed traces of blacking. He had a neatly trimmed beard; and a something about his whole appearance suggested that he had recently washed himself—indeed, that the operation had been habitual with him for some years. These things, however, did not especially attract the attention of his fellow travelers. Our society was not meanly particular. We did not object to associating with a clean man.

What *did* attract our attention, however, was the fact that the fifteenth man began his remarks without the accustomed preliminary of an alcoholic invitation. This aroused us so thoroughly that we even observed a certain wildness in the stranger's eye, and a distant dreaminess in his low yet resonant voice.

"Can you tell me the way to Norwich?" he inquired.

There was a general hush of interest, not unmingled with surprise. Those of us who were awake were still able to feel surprised.

"Gentlemen," went on the clean man: "I mean it. I am the Man in the Moon. No, you need not regard me with suspicion. I am not insane. This is no hallucination. I can prove my mental soundness by any test to which you choose to submit me. I will argue the matter calmly and quietly. A monomaniac could not do that. Do you wish me to argue the matter calmly and quietly?"

"I don't mind," said the sixteenth man, a silent, small and cheap-looking style of man, sitting well behind the stove, in the most unobtrusive corner. He had a small, sharp, clipper-built nose, which looked as if all the world had tweaked it ever since he was an infant. His eye was shy, and his general demeanor nervously diffident. He looked a splendid man to kick.

2d Edition.

THE BARTENDER'S WOOING.

WAS ten hock clock—his sour to go—
And still he sat be cider;
Her spirits were in cordial flow,
But he was Mumm, which tried her.

"Toby, or not toby," he thought,
"Otardy do I court her;
But if I marry I sup port
No more—I must sup porter."

He needed ur-gin to reveal
Ale love beyond all knowing.
"Oh, beer man," she thought, "and kneel—
De claret—or be going."

And sherry minded him at last,
Her rye so sweetly dropping,
Of corks from bottles flying fast—
They weren't afraid of—popping.

He fell. "Madeira, brandy," said,
"Is in my breast a-burning—
'Tis High-man's torch—then wine not wed
While love, bright love, is yearning?"

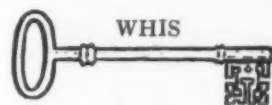
"If flips say 'no,' Heidsieck a bier—
If 'yes,' I'd live forever—
And no champagne I'd feel, my dear,
If rum you made to sever."

If he'd bartender and be true;
If he would liquor never;
Give pony for decanter too—
And schooners—"Yes!! forever."

His whiskies touched her damask cheek;
His stout arms clasped around her;
There were no bitters, so to speak,
In that warm mug which bound her.

He married and with ke-rye and rock
His wife and he were merry.
She liked the daughters in their flock
But he loved Tom and Jerry.

H. C. DODGE.



o'clock—sour
still—be-side her
spirits—cordial
mum

To be or not to be,
Oh! tardy
port
support her

urging
a love
be a
declare it

she reminded
Her eye
corks, &c.

(This is iron-clad)
My dear, a brand, he said

Hymen's—why not? (easy)

If lips—I'd seek a bier (like
you when you see this)
sham pain
if from

be tender
lick her
pony—the canter
schooner

whiskers
stout
bitters
warm hug

cry and rock [cradle]

Tom and Jerry

"I don't mind," he said: "but afore you begin, suppose you call your attention to the fact that you're a-packin' away, as it were, your next man's liquor."

"I beg your pardon—so I am," replied the stranger regretfully: "I'm a little absent-minded, y' know. But on the one point I am seeking to interest you in, my faculties are sound and solid. Gentlemen, strange as it may appear, I am the Man in the Moon."

"You're the man who took the big chap's terbacker, too," casually interrupted the ordinary small person. The wild-eyed stranger put it back with dignified abstraction, and went on: "I have suffered in the holy cause of abstract truth and my personal rights. I have been immured in loathsome dungeons; I have been locked in padded cells—"

"You have taken a revolver that don't belong to you," the shy man interrupted; apologetically: "I'm only remindin' you, you know; and you ain't got no ca'tridges to suit it."

"The revolver was an inadvertency," said the wild-eyed person, as he slipped it back into the pocket of the gentleman slumbering behind him: "I hope you don't think it was anything else."

"Course not," said the small man, nervously: "course not."

"You wouldn't intimate for a second—"

"Not for a second—not for a cent—" gasped the six-by-nine individual in the dark corner: "I ain't no sort of a man to intimate nothing. I ain't that kind. All I'm a doin' is to remind

you that you've inadvertenced that long coon's wallet into your own pocket. That's all."

The conversationalist restored the wallet and resumed his discourse:

"The ultimate goal of my present journey is not Deadwood, as you might suppose. It is Norwich. This movement may be premature; as averred in the ancient poem; but nevertheless I am here inquiring for information concerning the best route to Norwich. Can any of you gentleman oblige me?"

"I would like to be obleegin'," meekly uttered the character in the corner, "and I will just chuck out the information that you are sitting on the Boston man's fancy kid money-belt."

The dreamy victim of an awful hallucination arose and stalked to the door in a wild sort of way.

"I do not want to go to Norwich," he said: "but I am bent on inquiring the way. Farewell, gentleman, farewell!"

And as he crossed the threshold, and passed out into the icy, black, star-crowned night, the little man got up and followed him, remarking modestly:

"Mebbe I can kinder show you the rowt, as it were."

And shortly after, the small man looked in again and diffidently asked:

"Hev you such a thing as a broom in the house? And—I hate to trouble you; but have you a very small thimble—or anything of that sort? I'd like to sweep up that party, ye know—that's all."

A CHRISTMAS CARRYALL.

BOOM ONE.

THE SPIRIT OF THE BOTTLE BLACK.

MOLONEY was drunk! No one with a nose on his face could have had a doubt of that fact. In other words, Moloney smelled of rum in a way not to be mistaken!

Charitably inclined people might suggest that Moloney was merely "full" or "half seas over," but they would be mistaken. Moloney was drunk. Not a doubt of that. Moloney was as drunk as a "biled owl."

It was Christmas Eve! All over the city, in the modest beer-saloons of the east side, and in the gilded gin-palaces of Broadway, the boys were raffling for turkeys. Moloney had intended to raffle for turkeys on that Christmas eve, but he had started on the business too early in the day. At two o'clock he had started out to find a matinee raffle. He had visited 20 saloons in search of such a performance, but had failed miserably in finding what he sought.

However, he had felt bound, at each of those saloons, to interview the spirit of the bottle black, vulgarly called whiskey. When Moloney staggered, at about half-past seven, into Sandy Smith's Snuggery, he was decidedly how-come-you-so, and though Moloney could not have told how he came so, yet somehow he felt that the spirit of the bottle black had possession of him.

Moloney sat down near the stove in the Snuggery, and managed somehow to dispose of three or four drinks before the raffle commenced. When the raffle did commence, Moloney was nodding, but the noise made by the rafflers half aroused him; and he began to shout and make objectionable noises, until finally, after endeavoring to hurrah and succeeding in uttering a series of hics, he fell out of his chair flat on the floor.

BOOM TWO.

THE SPIRIT OF THE HELPING HAND.

Behind the bar at the Snuggery stood a tall, broad-shouldered, red-headed, hard-featured man. All day long he stood there in his shirt-sleeves helping those who were athirst to drinks. 'Twas Mike, the spirit of the helping hand. Never had he been known to object to helping a thirsting soul to a beverage, if the thirsty soul had the wherewithal to pay for his drink. Sometimes, when a person, whose drinkitite did not bear a proper relation to his pocketbook, would delude Mike into helping him to a drink he could not pay for, the spirit of the helping hand would be somewhat over-liberal in helping such a person to a dose of his hand in a clasped position. Usually, however, he was mildness personified.

Sandy Smith had been over seeing the raffles, while the spirit of the helping hand dealt out the beer; but Sandy had been annoyed by the interruptions of Moloney. As Moloney slipped on the floor, Sandy looked at the fellow with an expression of disgust on his face.

"Mike!" said Sandy, turning to his bar-keeper. The spirit of the helping hand turned his eyes on his employer. "Bounce him!" said Sandy, nodding his head towards Moloney.

The spirit of the helping hand came out from behind the bar, moved swiftly to the stove, took hold of Moloney's coat-collar, and dragged Moloney towards the

door. Moloney struggled some, but when the spirit of the helping hand had opened the door, he gave Moloney a helping kick, and Moloney gracefully settled down on the sidewalk in a heap to enjoy a Christmas Eve snooze.

BOOM THREE.

THE SPIRIT OF THE LOCUST BRANCH.

Scarcely had Moloney decently composed his limbs in his new resting-place, when Policeman Z. sauntered up. Policeman Z. is the well known masher of Seventh Avenue, and whenever he is on the beat, the heart of every cook in the neighborhood is on the beat also.

Policeman Z. was sauntering along with his eye fixed on Mary Ann Magee, who was hanging out of a third story window, when he suddenly stumbled over Moloney's prostrate form, and fell flat in the gutter. Policeman Z. was enraged. Not only had his dignity been compromised, but Mary Ann Magee had laughed at him. Policeman Z. swore roundly as he rose to his feet, and then, with his locust, soundly whacked Moloney.

Poor Moloney, who probably was dreaming of raffles in which he threw sixes every time, began to mumble somewhat incoherently when thus summarily beaten.

"What!" cried Policeman Z. as he again beat the drunken man. "You'll talk back to me, will you?"

"Hic—hic—hic!" rumbled Moloney.

"I'll take you in," cried Policeman Z. as he seized Moloney by the neck and dragged him to a half erect position.

"Stand up, you drunken loafer!" cried Policeman Z., and he used his locust freely about Moloney's body.

Moloney lurched towards the policeman.

"What!" cried Policeman Z. "Resist the police, will you?"

Then he used his locust freely about Moloney's head, until he sank with a bleeding skull to the ground. Policeman Z. rapped on the pavement, and another spirit of the locust branch came up. Together they carried poor Moloney to a dungeon cell and left him there.

BOOM FOUR.

THE SPIRIT OF THE BALANCED SCALES.

Christmas morning! What a clear, bright, sunshiny morning it was! Just as good a day, too, as any other day in the year for sending to jail those poor devils who have broken the

law. 'Twas Christmas morning even in the Tombs, and many a poor sinner hoped he might get a lighter sentence that day because it was Christmas morning.

Into the Tombs police court entered a short, fat man, who looked as if he had decidedly more abdomen than brains. He was the Justice, the spirit of the balanced scales.

"Merry Christmas, gentlemen!" said the Justice, rubbing his hands and looking cheerfully at the court officers.

"Merry Christmas, your Honor!" came from all sides, as the Justice, with his face wreathed in smiles, took his seat on the bench.

"Many plums in our Christmas pudding, Sergeant?" asked the Justice facetiously.

"Quite a batch, your Honor," said the officer.

"Bring them in," said the Justice, "as quick as you can."

They were brought in, and a sorry looking set they were. However the Judge found something funny in their appearance; and his humorous remarks about the poor devils were funny enough to excite the laughter of the court attendants.

As the Justice was anxious to get away, he disposed of the culprits rapidly. Presently Moloney was pushed forward. He was not yet entirely sober, and his brain was still in a muddled condition from the blows of the locust.

"What's the charge, officer?" asked the spirit of the balanced scales, in his usual rapid manner.

Policeman Z. rattled off the complaint in a glib manner.

"Hum!" said the spirit of the balanced scales. "Drunk, disorderly and resisting the officer, eh? Young man," he continued, turning to Moloney, "it's evident you want something appropriate to the season; you want a Christmas present. Such a nice young man as you are ought to have a Christmas present, and I am going to give you one. I give you ten days on Blackwell's Island for your Christmas present, young man."

Of course the court attendants laughed, and Moloney was led back to his cell.

BOOM FIVE.

THE END OF IT.

It was still early in the day when the Christmas carryall, which belonged to the city, rolled up to the door of the Tombs. This carryall is better known as the Black Maria.

Moloney was led out and placed therein. As the carryall rolled up Broadway, on its way to the Island, Moloney gazed out of the barred window upon the bright sky. It was a glorious day, clear, bright, stirring, cold. Moloney heaved a sigh.

"Christmas morning," murmured he, "and I was going to have such a good time with the boys. Paid my entrance fee to the target company, too. I didn't expect to find myself in this carryall till tomorrow morning. I'll never get full on Christmas Eve again."

Moloney lived many years, but he kept his word; he never again was drunk on Christmas Eve. He always thereafter waited to get full till Christmas Day, and he never thereafter was placed in the carryall till the morning of December 26th. May that be truly said of us and all of us, and may the spirit of the balanced scales not give us too many Christmas presents!

A MUTUAL WATCH;

OR,

WHAT NEITHER COULD SEE.



MISTRESS—: "I wish I could see if she's stealing!"
MAID—: "I just wish I could see if she's looking!"

OR I AIN'T.



N Arab chief in Eastern lands
A maiden sought to wed;
She listened kindly, took his hands,
And gently to him said:

"I can't return your love, so rare
A Nile not wed without,
So Pyramid my sisters fair,
You'll find both lean and stout."

He raves sand storms and tears his hair,
To desert him thus was sad;
"Bedouin upon thy knees," he cries—
Cheops he is not mad.

"Bedouin upon thy knees," he cries,
"My curse—but no, arise;
Oasis to thy Sire." She adds:
"What Sheik you have," and flies.

THE THEATRES.

ABBEY'S PARK THEATRE still holds "Fritz in Ireland," and Mr. Emmet holds his audiences. "An Arabian Night" is of course still the attraction at DALY'S superb theatre, and will deservedly remain so for some time to come.

"The Galley Slave," at HAVERLY'S THEATRE, is making the author, Mr. Bartley Campbell, and the proprietor feel on remarkably good terms with themselves.

"The Hardback Family," "The Villain Still Pursued Her," and "Thompson Street Flats," are the screaming and reigning jollities at the perennial SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS.

"Pinafore" is on the wane at the FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, and Messrs. Gilbert & Sullivan are about launching forth on the ocean of public opinion their newest creation—"The Pirates of Penzance."

"Hearts of Steel," a very Irish drama, with perilous leaps and plenty of armor, has succeeded "Enchantment" at NIBLO'S. The feature of the play is Miss Lillian Cleves-Clark, who, in the part of *Lady Alice O'Gorman*, looks extremely handsome, acts in a charming manner, and is superbly attired.

This week "My Partner" will be performed at HAVERLY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE, with Mr. Louis Aldrich as *John Sanders*, and Chas. T. Parsloe in his original character of *Wing Lee*, the Chinese servant. It will soon be difficult to find a theatre wherein one of Mr. Bartley Campbell's plays is not being acted.

To-night will welcome back, to the scene of his triumphs, at WALLACK'S, the veteran John Gilbert, who has recovered from his recent severe illness. He will appear as *Jesse Rural* in Mr. Boucicault's "Old Heads and Young Hearts," which drama will be performed a few times previous to the production of "Courtship" and other novelties.

Mr. Mapleson's opera season nears its close, and on the whole we do not think that we have much cause to complain of 'Er Majesty's Hoper. Marimon is certainly a fine artist, and her success and recognition of her abilities were simultaneous. She appeared as *Amina* in "Sonnambula" on Monday, to-night she sings again. "Il Flauto Magico" is announced for production on Friday.

Messrs. Gilbert and Clay's "Princess Toto" is the blister at the STANDARD. It is in Mr. Gilbert's usual and best style, and the audience laughed heartily over the nonsense. The *Princess Toto* was satisfactorily played by Miss Braham, a new importation from England. The Princess is a young woman, who is afflicted with a bad memory. She marries two hus-

bands and forgets all about them—and is moved entirely by the impulse of the moment. Her father and friends disguise themselves as Indians, to find and rescue her from supposed brigands. The sham Indian business is very funny and the burlesque of Hiawatha irresistibly ridiculous. Mlle. Jarbeau as *Jelly* acted with much spirit, and the men were all good, especially Montgomery, who was *King Portico*, the father of the princess. The music has no unity of conception whatever, and only such unity of treatment as is caused by the composer's limited knowledge of orchestral effects.

TO OUR FIGHTING EDITOR.

N. Y., Dec. 18th, '79.

PURG-ED VILLAIN:

Gore! Gore!! Gore!!! I will have Gore! I have sworn it. Meet me on the Battery some dark and stormy night "when the bloom is on the rye," the moon is in the sky, and the thermometer at 10° below, and I will plunge thee neck and heels beneath the salt sea wave. What if I *did* spell Georgiana with two "n's"? What is a poet's license good for if he can't put in an extra "n" to make his muse jingle? Besides, nobody would have noticed it, not even the divine *She*.

Hydrophobiacally yours,
DuBUCK.

Answers for the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—Of course she liked the ANNUAL.

HORATIO JUJUBE.—If you don't tie a string about yourself you will come apart.

HASSAN-AL-HASSAN.—If we had the pleasure of being Haroun al Raschid—just for to-night, dear, just for to-night—we should sew you up in a real old Arabian Nights bag, and put you through a nineteenth century threshing-machine. This might not improve your intellect, but it couldn't hurt it.

DEMETRIUS, JR.—The poem is fearful; the spelling is queer, the handwriting is very little to brag of; but at least you may congratulate yourself on your paper. It is quite pretty, and must have cost a great deal. And, after all, it is perhaps better to have enough to buy fancy paper than to be a poet. It is certainly more healthy.

W. C. REMINGTON.—"Are women soulless?" We doubt it. We have met some women whose only trouble was a superfluity of soul, so to speak. We have always, indeed, thought the feminine article of soul rather numerous and spready, in its way, still, the country paper you speak of may have some grounds for discussing the subject. It is possibly edited in a red-headed district.

INCOG.—If your "squibs" were as good as your note, the fates of the two MSS. would have been reversed.

Should these few squibs not suit your taste,
You please will throw them in your waste;
And when the junkman comes around,
They'll surely bring one cent a pound.

A. A. V. G.—You are mistaken in imagining that it requires no literary merit whatever to translate Heine. We know that you have a certain support in your ideas, and that a great many very respectable gentlemen have sought to demonstrate the truth of the proposition; but we don't think they have put the case quite out of the realm of doubt. We are glad to see, however, that there is a certain originality about your little experiment. You cheerfully and airily shake off the trammels of metre and rhyme, and give us Heine *réchauffé* in a style that suggest the "sort of Runic rhyme" that Mr. Longfellow talks about. And we may even remark that is a very sick sort.

LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME.

III.
THE FLACCI.

WHEN grim November's kalends
Had swiftly passed away,
The Flacci had been married
A twelvemonth less a day:
And in that dreary twelve-month
His clothes had gone to rack,
Because in household duties
She'd proved herself quite slack.

He'd groaned o'er rips neglected,
He'd growled at togas torn,
And her neglect of all his clothes
Impatiently he'd borne;
Still this is why, that morning
Affairs came to a head,
He'd got up wrong end foremost,
He'd tumbled out of bed.

That morn he took his garments,
And shook them in her face,
And said: "Aurelia Flaccus,
My clothes are a disgrace.
Look at my toga, buttonless,
And at my other things!
See how I'm forced to fasten them
With pins, or else with strings!"

"Now, see here, Titus Flaccus,"
His wife did boldly say,
"You'll have to take a tumble,
If we together stay.
You *will* buy togas ready-made,
Whose buttons won't stay on;
'Tis your own fault your buttons 'bust,'
And so, my dear, you really must
Use pins when they are gone."

Then Titus fell to thinking
Was she a proper wife,
And if the laws would make him
Go buttonless through life;
And then he tied his toga,
And pinned his other clothes,
And hastened to the Consul
To tell to him his woes.

"Good gracious!" cried the Consul;
"Such things should never be!
No wife should treat a husband
So very shabbily.
Our laws do guard most strictly
The peacefulness of home,
And for such wicked conduct
This is the law of Rome:

'Whene'er a wife refuses
Her husband's clothes to sew,
Why, straight from out our city
That wife at once must go;
And then she is exactly
As if she'd ne'er been wed,
And he is just as single
As if his wife were dead.'

Now haste you, Titus Flaccus,
Straightway unto your home,
And quickly put your lazy wife
Outside the walls of Rome;
Those women who would set their own
Against their husband's wills,
Fair Rome will ne'er allow to live
Upon her seven hills."

They were brimfull of wisdom
The men of those old days,
And knew the surest antidotes
For women's foolish ways.
And so, when Titus Flaccus
Had carried out the law,
And got rid of his lazy bride,
His clothes he ne'er thereafter tied,
He used pins nevermore.

ARTHUR LOT.

A black and white political cartoon by J. B. Johnson. The central element is a Christmas tree whose branches are composed of dark, jagged pine needles. The tree is densely decorated with various political and cultural figures and symbols. At the top left, a cherub with wings plays a large trumpet. The branches are populated with numerous caricatures: a man in a top hat and military-style coat, a man in a suit, a man in a military uniform, and several other faces. Interspersed among these figures are various objects: a candy cane, a clock, a globe, and a sign that reads "MERRY". The words "MERRY" and "XMAS" are written in large, stylized, dotted letters on the left side of the tree. The cartoon is signed "J. B. Johnson" in the bottom right corner.





PUCK'S CHRISTMAS TREE.

ARCHIE GASCOYNE.

By JOHN FRASER.

(Concluded.)

"So you got my letter from Silver Lake all right?"

"I did, me buoy, and dev'lish glad I was to hear of your luck. By Jove, that was a haul—wasn't it? How much now do you make it?"

"I hardly know that yet, but the diamonds alone have been valued at over \$200,000—that is, you know, about £40,000, and you yourself know what the money and bonds came to, not to talk of some other precious stones."

Then they talked of other matters.

"The Count—where was he?" The Count was "salubrious"—that is how Bob put it—and would be in town that evening, expressly to see Archie.

"And Thollier?"

But at this question the Doctor's face suddenly fell, and in his seriousness he quite dropped the brogue.

"By Jove, Archie, I had forgotten her, and she was the very person I meant to speak about first. You remember the arrival of yourself and father—by the way, who is that Mr. Macdonald, Ronald Macdonald, I think, who was with you?—but we'll talk of that again. As I was saying, your arrival was published in the papers, with some lengthy quotations about you from some Yankee journals. Well, that woman saw them, and she is now in town. She called at my diggings yesterday and—don't be alarmed, she can't do anything serious—she means to "go for you."

"That will be deucedly awkward," remarked Archie. "Not that the woman can really hurt me, but she can make it unpleasant and all that sort of thing. And then we shall be talked about, and those papers will take it up. By heavens, Bob, I'd sooner sacrifice a few hundreds and get rid of her than have a row."

"Don't be rash, Archie. If the worst comes to the worst, I guess—as you Yanks say—we can fix it. Leave it to me, me buoy."

"But I want to leave for Skye in the morning, and you must come with me. Ronald—I shall tell you about him presently—is to meet us at Greenock at 9 sharp."

"Of course I will. Ye didn't think I was going to let you wander there all by yerself, did ye? And besides, between you and me and the post, Archie," and here Bob winked with great solemnity, "I've a little thing on there myself."

Then Archie, smiling, whispered in his ear, and Bob, blushing to the roots of his hair and the soles of his feet, nodded assent violently.

"But if this woman," continued Archie, and as he spoke some one knocked at the door.

"Come in."

It was the waiter with the silver card-plate in his hand, and on the plate a card. Archie took it and quietly handed it to his friend.

"Mlle. Thollier! I thought so."

"What shall I do?"

"Tell John to show her up," and Mlle. Thollier was shown up accordingly.

CHAPTER XXXI AND LAST.

All's well that ends well.—SHAKESPEARE.

"Ah! *mon cher* hoosband!" cried the lady, flying gushingly in the direction of Gascoyne, with the evident intention of throwing herself into his arms: and, to confess the truth, at the risk of lowering Archie for ever in the estimation of our readers, that gentleman, albeit no coward, felt himself uncomfortably nervous and "silly."

He never could bear to see a woman in trouble, and he knew that, after all, he had perhaps not treated the lady exactly as he ought to have done. At any rate, he could well understand that, however innocent he may have been, she might certainly have misinterpreted his little attentions to her, and being herself in love and passionate with all the fierce heat and glow of southern blood, have invested these attentions with an importance and color they by no means deserved.

So, as we have said, when Mademoiselle "made for him"—for no other words so exactly hit off her action—her beautiful dark eyes full of tearful passion, and her little gloved hands extended in a tremor of passion, Archie felt most decidedly uncomfortable, and wished most heartily that some kind genii would interfere to carry off the fiery little Frenchwoman to—well, to anywhere a thousand miles off.

Fortunately for him that kind genii was present in the person of his friend the Doctor, who was always ready for an emergency, particularly where a woman was concerned. When, therefore, Mlle. Thollier rushed to fly into his friend's arms, the redoubtable Bob stepped in front of her. It was a most ungallant proceeding, and we are not going to defend it. When talking the matter over afterwards, Bob candidly confessed he didn't think he had so much courage. But all the same he stepped right in front of the impulsive maiden and arrested her progress.

"Not so fast, Mademoiselle; not so fast. There is some mistake here; *this* is not your husband."

"Not my hoosband, mon Dieu! not my hoosband!"—in a fine *crescendo* of excitement. "I do know zee laws of zees contry better as you; and zees"—and she tapped significantly some documents which she held in one hand—"zees veel demonshtre zat he eez my hoosband—zees!"

"And what may 'zees' be, my good lady?" inquired Bob in his silkiest manner.

"Zees eez ze—vat you call it?—deposeez-ions of ze Capitaine and ze steward-lady of ze steamer and of me before ze Mairc," exclaimed Mademoiselle, nothing daunted.

"Oh! let me see them."

"Non—non. I must hev ze vitness first."

"You will," replied the Doctor. "Luckily here comes a gentleman who will doubtless accommodate you," and as Bob spoke who should enter, as nattily got up and jauntily as ever, but our old friend Count von Frankelstein.

Mademoiselle turned to look, and as her eye caught that of the Count she turned pale, and a look of apprehension, not to say fear, flashed across her face. But she recovered instantly.

"Good morning, Mademoiselle Zerbini," said the Count quietly, raising his hat with great politeness as he advanced to her with outstretched hand. His eye had taken in the situation at a glance; perhaps he had been coached by Bob.

But Mademoiselle merely drew herself stiffly up, affecting not to see the proffered hand.

"It eez vun vile conspeeracy!" she cried. "Ah, yon nobeel ghentlemen! Zeez eez zo brave of you. You er three great, large men, and I—vun pauvre girl!"

But all the same, Mademoiselle's tones were hardly so confident as her words.

"Your pardon, Mademoiselle," said the Count with a smile; "you do not remembraire me? Ah, ve sall have to make goot your remembrance. Vith your lief I veel speak mein goot friend Meestair Gascoyne first." Saying which the Count went up to Archie, who had remained a passive spectator all through, and embraced him.

After an effusive exchange of greetings the Count led his friend a little apart. They had a brief consultation in whispers, the result of

which seemed satisfactory to the Count, who then turned to Mademoiselle Thollier, who had all the time remained silent, nervously tapping the carpet with her foot.

"So, Mademoiselle," said the Count, still smiling, "you er going to have mein goot friend arrested, er you? He eez your husband, eez he? Ach, mein goot Gott in himmel! So?"

Mademoiselle remained silent. She was pale and trembling.

"Unt so you do not remembraire me—me?" repeated the Count, slapping his padded chest with emphasis. "Permit me, fraulein, to bring so hoorrible a person to your remembrance. Zall I tell zeeze gentlemen ze story?"

Still Mademoiselle remained silent; only she trembled more and turned a pitious glance of appeal towards Archie, but the Doctor's eye was on him as well, and Archie made no sign.

"Nein? Then perhaps you veel pe zo goot az give to me a short inderview in brivate?"

Then he whispered something to her, and the two left the room, but not before Mademoiselle had thrown a last, withering Parthian glance at Archie.

They were not long gone, and when the Count returned he returned—alone.

How things had been arranged we are not able to say, but in Archie's bank-book that day there was a fresh entry of a check for £2000.

Since last we stood on Scottish soil some eight months or more since have passed. Then it was mid-summer; now the bleak winds of February are driving down the gullies of Sligachan, and roaring hoarsely round the snow-clad peaks of the mighty Cuchullins. The erst grassy slopes of Gleninver and Ederlaine are bare and bleak; the surface of the loch gurlly and black, and from the hillside come no longer the bleating of sheep and the lowing of cattle. But as she sits at the drawing-room window of Gleninver House, looking out upon the fiercely beating waves, and watching the white gulls wheeling and circling and diving in a riotous ecstasy of delight; sits with her small beautifully-shaped head resting on her hand, and gazing into vacancy with a far-off, dreamy expression in her dark eyes, Maggie Macdonald is not thinking of the bleakness of the scenery, or the snowy splendors of the great Cuchullins. In her breast the surrounding desolation finds no reflex. Hoarsely the winds may rave and coldly blow; barren and bleak—for the snow seldom lies long on the sea-girt and wind-swept fields of Skye—the land may be; but in her heart all is sunshine, and sweetness, and warmth, that lend a mystical sweetness and dreamy glamour to the beauty of her fair, young face. She is not thinking of the scenery, or aught that lies around her. Her thoughts have sped far away, southwards to where she knows—for Ronald's letter lies opened on her lap—her lover is.

Yes, her lover still, and faithful in spite of all; for, though Ronald had not exactly said so, and, indeed, had been provokingly reticent in his references to his friend, still love is a magician whose instinct is quick to detect the hidden meaning of half hinted truths.

Of the cause of his precipitate flight she, of course, was aware, and at first, when she had thought her brother dead, her agony and despair were beyond the power of language to depict. But after many weeks a letter had come from Ronald telling of his convalescence, and then one great load at least was lifted from her breast.

There remained, however, many things to trouble and distress her. All the household—mother, father, sisters and brothers, with the sole exception of the Professor, who had refused to believe his friend's guilt—had turned, and not unnaturally, dead against Archie. No

name was too bad for him; no reproach too bitter.

Only Effie, of them all, and she probably under the influence of the Doctor, had shown any approach to mildness in her criticism of the runaway. Then there had come letters from Mlle. Thollier—letters signed Mrs. Gascoyne—telling of her marriage to Mr. Gascoyne. Very nicely written, too, these letters were; full of charmingly worded apologies and regrets; and though Maggie never for one moment believed them, all the same they gave her annoyance and trouble.

Worse than all were the horrible tittle-tattle and scandal of the neighbors; the terrible, though only vague and half-uttered accusations and insinuations against Archie. She, of course, knew that Captain Macleod had not been murdered; at least not by Archie; but her lips were closed—closed even to her own mother, in whom above all she longed to confide. And when, after many weeks, a copy of an American paper had come with an account of the arrival in New York of the steamer "State of Georgia," and she read in the list of saloon passengers the names of "Mr. and Mrs. A. Gascoyne" terrible suspicions began to shape themselves into form.

But in spite of all and against all she clung to her lost lover with all the tenacity of her deep, great, womanly heart, and now she had her reward, and a great happiness shone from her eyes and gave a color to her cheeks they had lacked for many a day as she thought of her brother Ronald's letter.

Captain Macleod, too, had turned up at long last with his African bride, who proved, however, to be by no means ill-favored or dusky, but a very lovely and charming young Spanish heiress. So on that point, at any rate, the scandal-mongering mouths of the neighborhood were shut.

But as yet she had not told anyone of these things.

In the first place she did not know precisely what Ronald wanted her to do, or meant to do himself. Had he cleared his good name or not? Was he about to reveal himself to his family in his true colors?

And then there was Archie. He had been silent as the grave; had not written a line; neither had Ronald said a word as to whether his friend meant to return to Skye and claim her for his wife or not.

And all the while that these and a thousand similar thoughts were flashing through her brain, a carriage and pair were driving with break-neck speed through the wind and the gathering shades of the gloaming in the direction of Gleninver House. They—Archie, the Doctor, the Count and Ronald—had arrived at Portree that day, and lost no time, you may be sure, in leaving for Gleninver.

And now through the plash of the waves and the southing of the wind through the pines and firs, suddenly a sound as of horses' feet and the low mumble of wheels smote upon the fair dreamer's ear and dispersed her dreams. She started to her feet. Instinctively she felt that a great crisis was approaching. Her first impulse was to rush out and see who and what were coming. But a maidenly feeling of modesty and restraint withheld her, and she stayed where she was.

In a few minutes more—to Maggie it seemed an age—a great sound of confusion came from the yard; and in another minute she was locked in Ronald's arms.

That night two lovers drifted slowly down Gleninver stream, for, as if to complete the general happiness, the wind had died away, the hoarse waves sunk into a peaceful moan; and from above the bright moon shone from out a cloudless sky. Away in the dim distance, its

white peaks radiant in the moonlight, rose the Cuchullins weird and ghostlike, and out seaward the Island of Lyndale rose low and purple and mystic from the shimmering waters of the moon-lit ocean.

"And you loved me through it all, darling?" he whispered as she leant upon his breast, her fair face upturned to his, transfigured and glorified by the soft light of the moon—but glorified more by the sunlight of her own deep, true, pure, womanly love.

"Loved you? O, Archie, how could you ever doubt it? And you?"

"Darling, I was mad—an idiot—"

"Hush, love, you could not have helped it—who could? Had I been in your place—but no; nothing ever could have made me doubt you. But you loved me all the same, didn't you, though you did think me so awfully wicked?"

"I'm afraid I did, darling; will you forgive me?"

"Will I? Is this not forgiving you? What more could you wish for?"

"Only this—and this—and this—"

"O! Ronald, do behave yourself—how can you?"

L'ENVOI.

AN EPILOGUE WHICH IS PARTLY PROLOGUE.

"And is that all?"

Yes, my children, that is all. What more would you have? The curtain is down, the lights are out, the puppets removed, and, in short, the play is over. Yet there are always those in every audience who will linger on to the very last, even until the solemn-visaged attendants have drawn the cotton covers over the cushioned circle and seats, and the last stately usher has taken his departure. No matter how minute, even to prolixity, the story may have been, these people refuse to be satisfied. What became of so and so? How did this turn out? Were Derby and Joan really married after all? Did the villain at long last the punishment meet for his diabolical crime?

Of course it has been already surmised that our friend the Doctor ultimately married Effie, to the unbounded astonishment, not to say dismay, of his friends. Indeed, I have been told, on good authority, that there was considerable betting as to the event ever coming off. But it did. Bob turned over a new leaf; relinquished Bohemia with its footlights and *froufrou*, its late hours and beer; set himself to the earnest and, as it proved, successful study of his legitimate profession, and graduated a full-pledged doctor of medicine with considerable honor. So it came about that when Dr. Mackintosh of Ederlaine was promoted to that great hospital in England, where his undoubted abilities would have legitimate scope, Doctor Macdonald—for it would ill-become us to call him "Bob" now that he has taken his degree, and a wife—stepped into his practice. And a very snug practice it turned out to be, for after a time a wealthy philanthropist, happening to die, left a large sum of money to found a hospital in Ederlaine, and I need scarcely say our friend was appointed resident physician. He still, however, takes in the *Era*, and when his good lady is not present I'm afraid the worthy doctor delights in recalling stories of old escapades and flirtations "behind the scenes." And when he runs up to London, as is of course absolutely necessary at times, I fear that—but there; why tell tales out of school.

As for Mademoiselle Thollier we really don't know for certain what did become of her; but not very long ago, when passing through London, we saw great boards staring us in the face, wherever we went, with "Mlle. Zerbinis, the World Famous Artiste," &c., painted upon them in particularly large letters; and there certainly was a lady of that name "starring" at the time at the Oxford Music Hall. They say she had

the prettiest turn-out in London; such a love of a barouche and a pair of ponies worth two or three hundred guineas each. She was, too, greatly run after, and, to quote the slang of the day, "all the rage." But then, you know, we didn't see her ourselves, and there have been so many Zerbinis, that we should be loth to say it was her. Besides, think of the harm it might do the lady's character!

Flora still pursues her entomological and scientific studies. Charlie is fast developing into a typical "gentleman-farmer," and when, the other day, he met by accident his old flame of the Inn he got such a shock that it took him the rest of the week to recover. Heavens! that he should have ever thought that great, red-faced, fat woman, with her three children dawdling behind her, the loveliest of her sex! And he had called her Belinda, too, and Araminta, and lots of a great many other names of a similarly romantic kind, and had actually written a poem of fourteen stanzas in praise of her nose! He shuddered as he bowed; while she merely stared at him blankly, as a cow might. She had quite forgotten him.

As for the Professor and the Count, they are still unmarried; and in the former's snug *sanctum sanctorum* on Gilmorehill—for the old college in High Street has long since been removed to more palatial quarters in the West—these two young blades enjoy many a quiet hour over their modest tumbler and cigar.

Ronald and Miss Jakes are not yet married, but when I last heard from them the happy event had been fixed. It is to come off at Boston; on that point old Jakes was positive. But the scene of the marriage-tour is to be Europe, and you may be sure when the young couple reach Skye there will be great "doings" at Gleninver and Edenbane.

Maggie is now Lady Gascoyne, the old Baronet having succumbed to a second paralytic shock shortly after returning from New York.

And now, indulgent reader, farewell. The story was written in fulfillment of a promise made once in that *Ultima Thule*—the Scottish Hebrides—of which Mr. William Black has written so often and so well, and to a Princess lovelier even than her whom his deft pen has so charmingly immortalized.

Kind friends of that distant North, accept these rude and imperfect chapters as a humble but sincere tribute of the author's gratitude for the undeserved and ill-returned kindness he received from your too liberal hearts and hands.

[FINIS.]

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PUCK'S ANNUAL is out and at large. It is in reality a fresh bright volume of humor in prose and verse, of over 100 pages, handsomely printed and capitally illustrated.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1880 seems to be a very interesting mixture of humorous and other matter, put up in cheap pamphlet form, and will no doubt prove a valuable addition to the humorous literature of the day.—*Indianapolis Daily Sentinel*.

Puck issues an annual, which is just about the sauciest, wittiest and queerest thing out. Twenty-five cents worth of illustrated fun, which needs to be enjoyed at home, where if you burst your buttons off with laughter you are all right.—*Meriden Recorder*.

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PUCK'S ANNUAL FOR 1880 is far ahead of anything of the kind we have ever seen. It contains 121 pages of reading matter and pictures warranted to split the buttons off of any vest in use up to date, and mechanically it is a model of artistic beauty. A man that can't cure the blues with a dose of Puck should go get him to a nunnery, as it were.—*Steubenville Herald*.

PUCK'S ANNUAL FOR 1880 cannot be described accurately, and we doubt if the editor could explain its contents. It is as unique as the weekly issue of PUCK, both in matter and illustrations, only a little more so. It is a bundle of oddities, and so full of *bon mots* that its deformities are hidden to the eye of the connoisseur of fun and frolic. Perhaps Mark Twain is a contributor; it eclipses, however, his funny sayings.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph*.

PUCK'S ANNUAL, the sauciest, queerest, wittiest, brightest, most original, artistic, sensible and interesting of all the holiday publications, is at hand. It oddly says of itself that besides being an annual, it is "also an almanac, a city directory, a universal gazetteer, a rhyming dictionary, a guide to draw-poker and Wall Street, a cold collation, a jack-knife and a toothpick." Those Puck fellows are queer chaps, and have more energy to the square inch than a steam-engine. We forgot to say that the price of the ANNUAL is only a quarter.—*Wheeling Leader*.

AN UNDECIDED CHARACTER.



TREES—"If you don't intend to take the part of Winter, why don't you let us know, and we will leave."

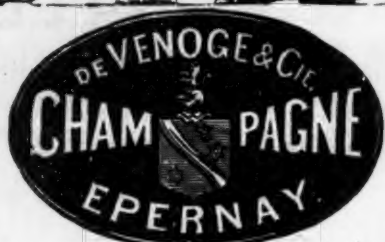
PUCK'S ANNUAL is a handsomely printed, lavishly illustrated pamphlet of about 125 pages, and contains any quantity of pure fun. PUCK is nothing if not original, therefore the ANNUAL is not a collection of old worn-out cuts and stale jokes. It is fresh, clean and sweet—"a thing of beauty and a joy forever," or at least until the ANNUAL of 1881 comes out.—*Rome Sentinel*.

THE handsomest thing, by all odds, that we have seen this year, in the literary line, is PUCK'S ANNUAL, published by Keppler & Schwarzmann, and illustrated by Messrs. Keppler and Wales. No paper of its kind, either in Europe or America, is equal to PUCK, and its incisive and pungent cartoons and editorials penetrate straight to the heart of the evil attacked. When we say that the ANNUAL is equal to the weekly, we can think of no greater meed of praise.—*Baltimore Every Saturday*.

PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1880 is on deck, and is a book for every one, combining, as it does, an almanac, a New York city directory, a universal gazetteer, a rhyming dictionary, a guide to draw-poker and various other matters which all good citizens should know about. It is full of witty and humorous sayings, and its illustrations are excellent, being from the pencils of the well known cartoonists of PUCK. The person who can't find something in it to amuse and interest him is blind, deaf and crazy. The publishers are Keppler & Schwarzmann, New York.—*Boston Post*.

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In its comments on men and affairs, THE SUN believes that the only guide of policy should be common sense, inspired by genuine American principles and backed by honest purpose. For this reason it is, and will continue to be, absolutely independent of party, class, clique, organization, or interest. It is for all, but of none. It will continue to praise what is good and reprobate what is evil, taking care that its language is to the point and plain, beyond the possibility of being misunderstood. It is uninfluenced by motives that do not appear on the surface; it has no opinions to sell, save those which may be had by any purchaser for two cents. It hates injustice and rascality even more than it hates unnecessary words. It abhors frauds, pities fools and deplores nincompoops of every species. It will continue throughout the year 1880 to chastise the first class, instruct the second, and discountenance the third. All honest men, with honest convictions, whether sound or mistaken, are its friends. And THE SUN makes no bones of telling the truth to its friends and about its friends whenever occasion arises for plain speaking.

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aggerate the importance of the political events which it has in store, or the necessity of resolute vigilance on the part of every citizen who desires to preserve the Government that the founders gave us. The debates and acts of Congress, the utterances of the press, the exciting contests of the Republican and Democratic parties, now nearly equal in strength throughout the country, the varying drift of public sentiment, will all bear directly and effectively upon the twenty-fourth Presidential election, to be held in November. Four years ago, the will of the nation, as expressed at the polls, was thwarted by an abominable conspiracy, the promoters and beneficiaries of which still hold the offices they stole. Will the crime of 1876 be repeated in 1880? The past decade of years opened with a corrupt, extravagant and insolent Administration entrenched at Washington. THE SUN did something toward dislodging the gang and breaking its power. The same men are now intriguing to restore their leader and themselves to places from which they were driven by the indignation of the people. Will they succeed? The coming year will bring the answers to these momentous questions. THE SUN will be on hand to chronicle the facts as they are developed, and to exhibit them clearly and fearlessly in their relations to expediency and right.

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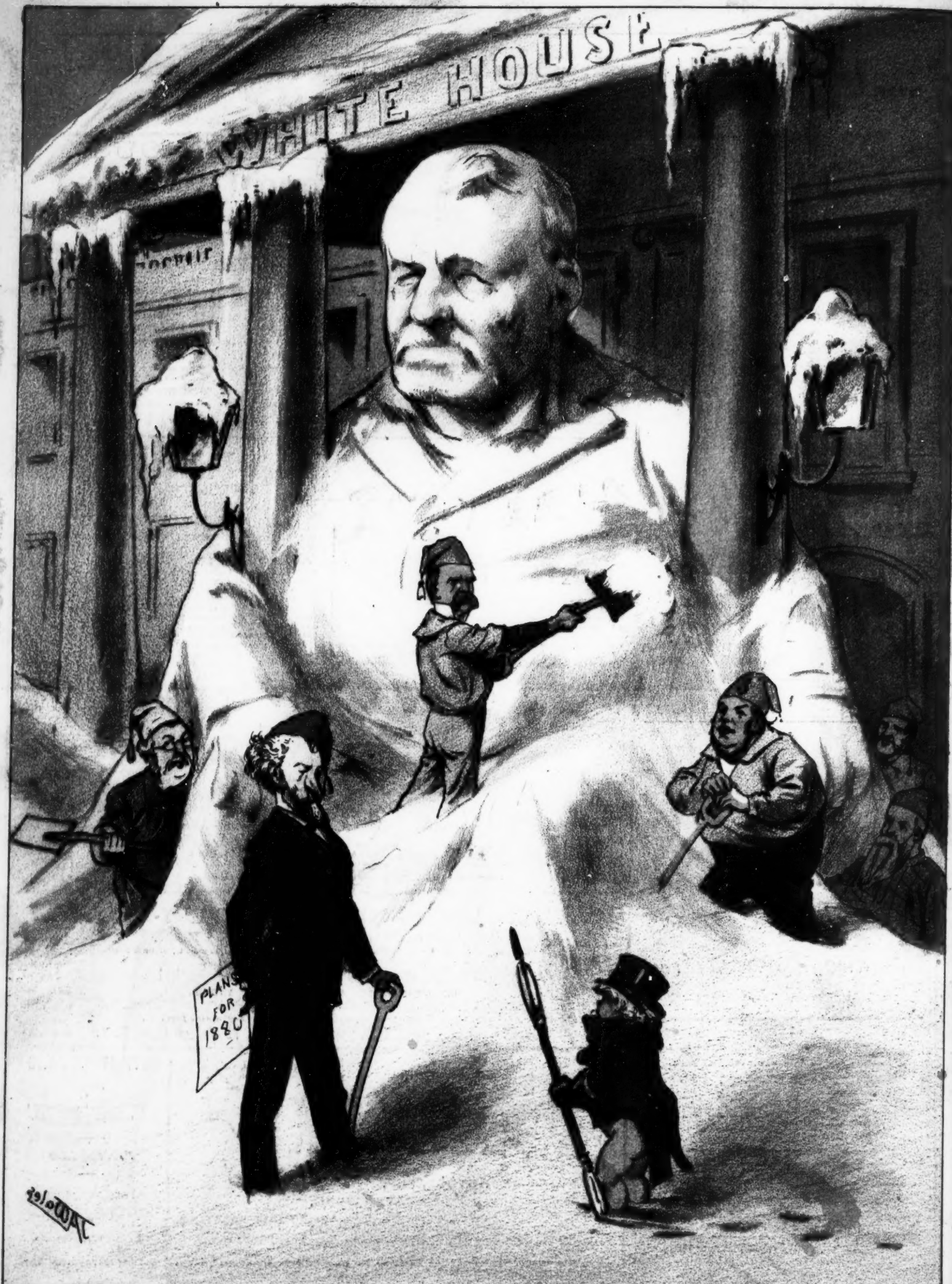
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